ENGLISH

BALLADS.

Thou art gone from my gaze
Those Merry Village Bells.
The Old Arm-Chair.
Oh, say not Woman's Heart is bought.
When thy Bosom heaves the Sigh.
Beautiful Bells.
Lass of Richmond Hills.
The beautiful Maid of my Soul.
They tell me she is Happy now.
Little Nell.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE:

Printed and Published by John Gilbert, Royal Arcade;

ENGLISH

CLASS

Thou art gone from my Gaze.

Thou art gone from my gaze
like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by
meadow and stream ;
Oft I breathe thy dear name
to the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute
to my bosom's lone sigh.
In the stillness of night when
the stars mildly shine,
My heart fondly holds a
communion with thine ;
For I feel thou art near, and
where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps
a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bow'r
companions I make,
Ev'ry simple wild-flower do
I prize for thy sake ;
The deep woods & dark wilds
now a pleasure impart,

For their solitude suits my
sad sorrow-worn heart.
Thou art gone from my gaze,
But I will not repine:
Ere long we shall meet in
the home that's now thine,
For I feel thou art near, and
where'er I may be,
That thy spirit of love keeps
a watch over me.

Those Merry Village Bells.

Those merry village bells
That through the hollow
dells,
And o'er the hills are sound-
ing,
Revive to memory
Youth's reign of extasy,
When high my heart was
bounding,
Amidst her sweetest spells,
Now wrapt reflection dwells.
Thus dear 1 love those
merry, etc.

Those merry village bells
Awaken thoughts that tells
What time my care was
lightest;
When ev'ry scene around
Appeared enchanted ground
And friendship's smiles were
brightest;
Reverting to her spells,
Delight my bosom swells.
Thus dear 1 love, etc.

Those merry village bells
Breathe, too, a tale that tells
Joy has a stinted measure,
Tat thought alone can raise
The transport of those days
When hope first awoke to
pleasure;
Though sad my bosom swell
For all her broken spells,
Yet dear 1 love, etc.

The Old Arm-chair.

I love it, I love it! and who
shall dare
To chide me for loving that
old arm-chair?

I've treasur'd it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've enbalm'd it with sighs
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? —a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide.
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;
And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled!
I learnt how much the heart can bear, (old arm-chair!
When I saw her die in her

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quiv'ring breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nurs'd 'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide; [weak,
Say it is folly, and deam me

Whilst scalding drops start
down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it! and
cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old
arm-chair.

Oh! say not Woman's Heart is Bought.

Oh! say not woman's heart
is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
Oh! say not woman's heart
is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom
knows
Love's flame, it wanders
never;
Deep in heart the passion
glows,
She loves— and loves for
ever.
Oh! say not woman's false
as fair,
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more
fresh and sweet,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah no! the love that first
can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can
charm,
She loves—and loves for
ever.

When Thy Bosom Heaves The Sigh.

When thy bosom heaves the
sigh,
When the tear o'erflows
thine eye,
May sweet hope afford re-
lief,
Cheer thy heart and calm
thy grief.
So the tender flow'r appears
Drooping wet with morning
tears,
Till the sunbeams' genial
ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

Little Nell.

They told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heav'n and smil'd;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow,
"Hush! hush!" he cried,
"she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow."

They laid her in a lonely grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch,
In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself, the words,
"She'll wake again to-morrow."
"Hush! hush!" etc.

One day they miss'd him long, and sought
Where most he lov'd to stray
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.
With tott'ring steps he'd wander there,
Fresh strength and hope to borrow,
And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer
"Oh! let her come to-mor-
[row!"

The old man, dying, breath'd the prayer,
"Oh! let her come to-morrow!"

Beautiful Bells.

Beautiful, beautiful, fairy-like bells,
How sweetly they float o'er the wild flow'ry dells,
There's a voice in each note of your eloquent chime,
Which recal to the lone heart some happier time.
Beautiful, beautiful, through the still vale,
Borne on the wings of the soft balmy dale,
Like music from fairy-land hovering round,
Soft echoes repeating the magical sound.

Beautiful, beautiful, fairy-like bells,
How sweetly ye float down the wild flow'ry dells,
In murmuring cadences dying away,
Chiming farewell to the fast fleeting day.
Beautiful, etc.

Beautiful, beautiful, telling of rest,
Breathing of peace to the wanderer's breast,
Waking the past with a tender regret,
Till we weep on the clay that we fain would forget.
Beautiful, etc.

Beautiful, beautiful, lyre-like bells,
How many a sad tale your melody tells,
Yet to earth's weary pilgrims ye whisper of bliss,
Of a world that is fairer and brighter than this.
Beautiful, etc.

Lass of Richmond Hill

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,

More bright than Mayday morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn,
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I'd die for her I love.
How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own,
O may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone.

The Beautiful Maid of my Soul.

I seek her on every shore,
I seek her, alas! still in vain
In the cabin where oft we have met,
On the waves of the white-crested main;
I have sought her alone through the world!
My anguish I ne'er can control—
She is gone! she is lost! she is dead!
The beautiful maid of my soul.

I have sought, in her desolate bower,
The lute which she loved so to play,
And the vase, too, she treasur'd, is there,
But the flowers have faded away;
So tombless, so wither'd my heart,

My anguish I ne'er can control,
I will only behold her in heaven,
The beautiful maid of my soul.

THEY TELL ME SHE IS HAPPY NOW.

They tell me she is happy now,
The fairest of the fair,
And o'er her bright and sunny brow.
No sorrow lingers there,
Her light blue eyes have still the smile,
Of joy and happiness,
Such eyes as haunts us for awhile,
In our rich dreams of bliss.

Her voice has still the joyous tone
Of gaiety and mirth,
So innocently sweet that none
Could think that voice of earth,
From care and grief her bosom's free
And tranquil as a moonligh sea,
When no rude wind doth blov

They tell me she is gay an light,
As silver clouds above,
That glide along in sunshin bright,
Like fairy isles of love :
But oft beneath the sparklin eye,
A fount of tears will sleep,
And when no other gaze i nigh,
In silence, then, will weep,

4104817

OCTAV. 5505

Singing, singing, unkind he
ne'er will be,
Rosalie! Rosalie! he comes,
he comes to thee.

COME TO MY FAIRY HOME.

Come to my fairy home,
Deep in the crystal wave,
Where the dolphin glides,
through the glassy tides,
And the mermaid loves to
lave.
Come, come, etc.

Where the coral branches
shed
A rosy glow as the wild waves
flow,
O'er the pearls in ocean's bed
Come to my fairy home.
Come, come, etc.

Come to my fairy home,
In the cells of ocean deep,
Where the Triton's shell, and
the Syren's spell,
Shall soothe thee to a balmy
sleep,
Come, come, etc.

FAREWELL THOU CITY OF MY FATHERS.

Farewell, thou city of my
fathers,
Thee I shall never behold a-
gain;
I'd meet a death inglorious
rather
Than live dishonour'd by a
stain;
My shame will be a story
For my ruthless foe to tell;
Farewell, my land, my glory,
My noble name, farewell.

Farewell, thou hope so newly
springing,
Hardly can I thy bliss re-
sign;
Ye loved ones, fondly cling-
ing
Around this weary heart of
mine.
May life be bright before ye,
While I in darkness dwell,
Farewell, my land, my glory,
My noble name, farewell.